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On Board of a Ninety-Eight

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ON BOARD OF A **Ninety-Eight.**

WHEN I was young and scarce
eighteen,

I drove a roaring trade,
And many a sly trick I have play'd
With many a pretty maid,
My parents found that would not do,
I soon should spend their store,
So they resolv'd that I should go,
On board of a man of war.

Fol de rol. &c.

A bold pressgang surrounded me,
Their warrent they did show,
And swore that I should go to sea.
And face the daring foe,
So off they lugg'd me to the boat,
O how I curs'd my fate,
Twas then I found that I must float,
On board of a ninety-eight.

When first I put my foot on board,
How I began to stare,
Our Admiral he gave the word,
There is no time to spare,
They weigh'd their anchor shook outsail
And off they bore me straight,
To watch the foe in storm and gale,
On board of a ninety-eight.

Before we reach'd America,
They gave me many a drill,
They soon learnt me a nimble way,

To handle an iron pill,
In course of time a fight begun,
When bold Jack-tars laid straight,
What would I give if I could run,
From on board of the ninety-eight.

But as time flew I bolder grew,
And hardened was to war,
I'd run aloft with my ship's crew,
And valued not a scar,
So well I did my duty do
'Till I got Boatswain's mate,
And damme soon got Boatswain too,
On board of a ninety-eight.

So years Ioll'd by at Trafalgar,
Brave Nelson fought and fell,
As they capsised that hardy tar,
I caught a rap as well,
To Greenwich College I came,
Because I saved my pate,
They only knock'd one wing off Jack,
On board of a ninety-eight.

So now my cocoa I can take,
My pouch with 'bacco stored, (hat,
With my blue clothes, and three cock'd
I'm as happy as a Lord.
I have done my duty—serv'd my King
And now I bless my fate,
But damme I'm too old to sing.
I'm nearly ninety-eight.



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